



Be brave bold robot

Issue 9

Fall 2003

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Are You a Problem User?

Answer the questions honestly. Answer "yes" if the statement is true for alcohol or drugs (including prescribed, recreational, or illegal substances that can be described as mood-altering).

1. Have you ever tried to stop using alcohol or drugs for a week or so but could stop for only a couple of days?
2. Do you resent the advice of others who try to get you to stop or cut down your use of alcohol or drugs?
3. Have you tried to control your use of alcohol or drugs by changing from one type of drink or drug to another?
4. Do you envy people who can use alcohol or drugs without getting into trouble?
5. Has your use of alcohol or drugs impaired your family relationships, your work, your driving safety, or any other aspect of your life?
6. During the past year, have you missed days of work because of your use of alcohol or drugs?
7. Do you tell yourself you can stop using alcohol or drugs any time you want?
8. Do you sometimes go on binges with alcohol or drugs?
9. Do you ever have blackouts related to your alcohol or drug use?
10. Have you ever felt that your life would be better if you did not use alcohol or drugs?

If you answer "yes" to two or more questions, you may have a problem with alcohol or drugs. If so, talk with a health professional.

(Editor's note: printed merely to further exemplify the inevitable insanity into which even our most rigidly serious life experiences are prone to metamorphose.)

Memo- 10/23/03 by Dennis Yudt

Dean,

Forgive my tardiness in response to your queries re: contributing to BBBR. I've been working on the several plot lines you'll find in synopsis-form below. Please let me know which one of these would work best for the latest BBBR. Mind you, these are just rough sketches.

Regards,

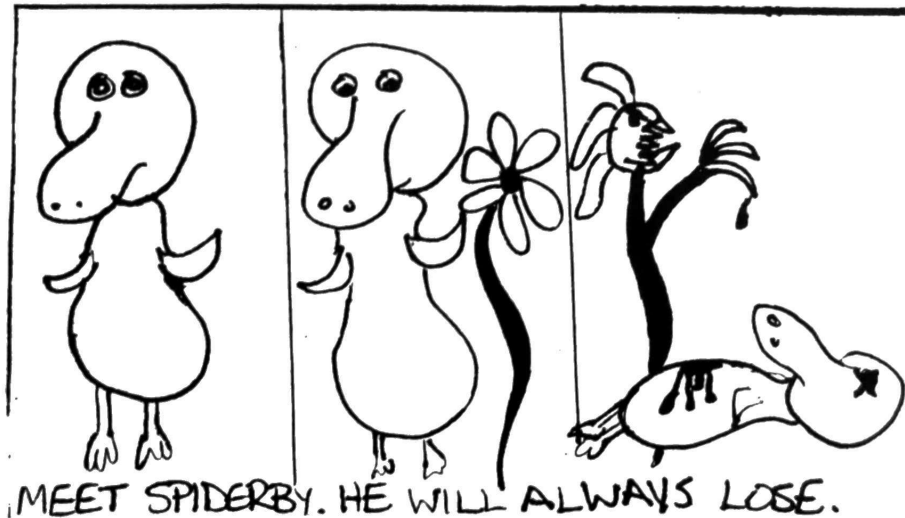
Dennis

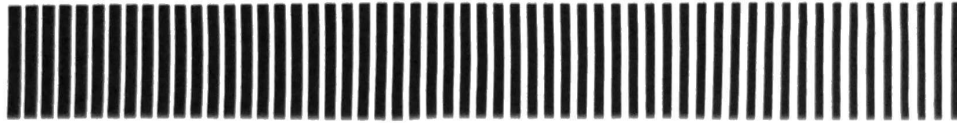
- 1) A third-rate ventriloquist with a serious fetish for human teeth becomes the emperor of a trash bag filled with dirty syringes and other used bio-hazardous medical debris tossed overboard by a passing Red Cross vessel, in a horrific and bloody *coup d'etat*. Laughs ensue when the emperor attempts to forcefully annex a half-eaten albatross while he fights off scurvy and other hilarious sea-faring ailments and maladies.
- 2) A woman disguised as the Smithsonian Institute falls in love with a straight razor being spastically swung around on a piece of heavy twine by a child with severe Down's Syndrome. Tragedy befalls as they begin to commence with lovemaking. Can this love last?
- 3) The shaving of low-brow vulgarities and crude innuendoes into the fur and hides of a variety of domesticated farm animals plundered from local peasants is quite the mystery for Mrs. Lowerintestine to solve. Using the ancient art of progressive genital mutilation, she believes she's found the culprit? But could it really be...the indestructible Abraham Lincoln robot from the future?
- 4) Half-man, half-giant ceramic ashtray in the shape of the lungs of a European river beaver. He's hooked on insurance and has a 12- policies-a-day habit. Can his neighbor, an elderly and extremely bitter hermaphrodite named prophetically, The Virgin Mary, help him in his quest for understanding, forgiveness, redemption and yes, to fuck a dolphin?

5) An illiterate woman whose head is shaped like the state of Vermont is courted by a test-tube of ebola virus. After months of unspeakable sexual encounters in the most filth-laden restrooms throughout all seven continents, they become engaged and buy a farm specializing in cruel meats in upstate New York. Their blissful existence is interrupted when a man, claiming to be "a Mr. Dewey Decimal" is hired as the new koala de-boner and the panda smasher and soon, more than emaciated, blind veal raccoons are turning up gutted and cleaned on the fireplace mantle. And who keeps shitting on the wedding cake?

6) A 40% saline solution passing itself off as "water" is seen arming the most psychopathic street orphans of the Brazilian slums with Greyhound busses and atomic bombs. Is he the "new Messiah" as his followers believe? Or is he something darker? Who is this man-child, the hulking idiot that they call "Los Restroomo" and where did he get the Radio Shack catalog handwritten in illuminated text replete with gold foil onto sheets made from the skins of each and every one of the 13th century Popes? Could the Prime Minister of Canada and the cannibalistic zombie who is decimating the population of China*s Yangtze River Valley really be the same person? Why is our moon becoming sexy? Will the "Messiah" really stop if he gets his giant ivory roller coaster?

THE TRAGEDY OF DUCK WWW.TWISTEDPRINCESS.COM





A reward for watching the credits

I wake up. Hooray for living! 10 am. Sun shining brightly. A whole world right outside my window already well into the hacking out of another day. Saturday, to be exact. A day of no obligatory deeds. A day of worship for some, but not me. I arise from my fabric-laden table of slumber. Human beings were meant to move. Move them muscles. I check the answering machine – three beeps – no voices. Three beeps...maybe it's code....yeah, code for "give it up, no one wants to call you anyway..." Ancient code from multi-dimensional beings, currently residing in the pit of my soul. But, I digress.

I swagger into the kitchen and make a machine pour scalding hot water through some ground up coffee beans and a paper filter. I imbibe the end result and fall into a caffeine induced sabbatical of inner reflection.

"what the hell am I doing?" I interject as if I am interrupting something.

"what the fuck is any of this supposed to mean?!"no answer, which is pretty much what I expected, or, at least, what I am used to.

High Noon. The cotton clad cowboy steps his tender feet onto the burning pavement and subsequently realizes that he has forgotten his boots.

I light my cigarette and gaze at all those trees. Sacramento is the city of trees. My neighbor's door is right next to mine and he comes out of it.

"Adam." I nod with a smile on my face.

"dean.", he says, less enthusiastically, probably stunned at my presence.

"fuck an A"

"wouldn't have it any other way."

6 pm., Pacific Standard Time. The digest "TV Guide" designated 6 pm as "evening". I don't get the TV guide.

I start to boil some water. "get some blankets, start counting her toe hairs, and, Fer Chrissakes, quit playing with that!" I scream into the void where I treaded minutes before. No reply. No one to follow in my footsteps. Think I'll make me some Mac & Cheese. Human being have to eat, bland and sweet. I mix the macaroni into the water into the butter into the milk into the cheese powder. Into the great wide open. I feed myself. I wet myself.

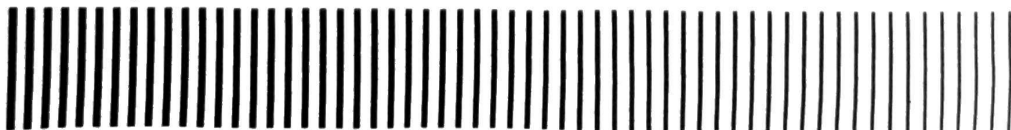
I change my clothes and dance.

Midnight. This is the time when the Monsters come out. Come out, come out wherever you are.

I need some outside. I step outside, into the dark, and push out to the street, right under the streetlight. I sit down and light a smoke. From my back pocket, I pull a paperback book....or moreso, attempt to pull. I have already sat down by this point, so I must rise myself temporarily, and pull said book, before settling back down. The day was hot, but the night is blessed with sweet smelling wind of a relatively cool temperature. I close my eyes and breath deeply. I smoke deeply.

"Nice night, mmm?" a soothing voice, not my own.

I look to my right, and there, near the tire of the nearby car, squats a cat, looking at me. A cat, looking at me.



SCATA-LOGIC.

Seven cocksuckers—Albert, Ben, Cory, Doug, Elois, Fred, and Gary—each suck a given cock only once, one at a time. The order in which they suck is governed by the following conditions:

Doug sucks before Gary sucks, but after Elois and Cory suck.

Ben sucks fifth.

If Albert sucks before Elois sucks, then Albert sucks first.

Fred does not suck last.

1. Which of the following is an acceptable ordering of cocksuckers from first to seventh?

- (A) Albert, Elois, Fred, Doug, Ben, Gary, Cory
- (B) Cory, Albert, Fred, Elois, Ben, Doug, Gary
- (C) Albert, Cory, Elois, Doug, Ben Gary, Fred
- (D) Elois, Albert, Cory, Fred, Ben, Doug, Gary
- (E) Fred, Cory, Ben, Elois, Albert, Doug, Gary

2. Which of the following could be true?

- (A) Fred sucks first and Elois sucks fourth.
- (B) Fred sucks first and Albert sucks second.
- (C) Albert sucks first and Gary sucks sixth.
- (D) Fred sucks third and Cory sucks sixth.
- (E) Fred sucks third and Gary sucks seventh.

3. If Fred sucks first and Cory sucks third, which of the following must be false?

- (A) Doug sucks fourth.
- (B) Albert sucks fourth.
- (C) Elois sucks fourth.
- (D) Gary sucks sixth.
- (E) Elois sucks second.

4. If Gary does not suck after Ben sucks, each of the following could be false EXCEPT

- (A) The only cocksucker who sucks between Elois and Doug is Cory.
- (B) The only cocksucker who sucks between Gary and Elois is Doug.
- (C) Albert sucks seventh.
- (D) Cory sucks third.
- (E) Cory sucks before Elois sucks.

5. Suppose Fred sucks last, but all of the other conditions remain unchanged. If Cory sucks first, which of the following must be true?

- (A) Elois sucks second.
- (B) Doug sucks third.
- (C) Gary sucks sixth.
- (D) Albert sucks second.
- (E) Albert sucks third.

Answers last page

Open Miles (all beginning at 20:00, xpt *)

Mon.

The Blue Lamp (Alhambra & N)

The Fox and Goose (10th, between S & R)

Tues.

The 24K Café, prev. Cafe Mexicas, Cafe Paris
next to Rick's Desert (24th and K)

The True Love Coffeehouse (24th and J)

Wed.

Old Ironsides (10 & S)

The Distillery (21 & L) * 22:00 start

Fri.

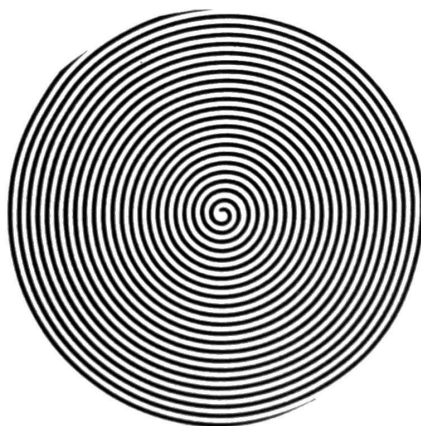
Cosmic Café, 530.642.8481

594 Main St., **Placerville**, *19:00 start

Sun.

Eric's Java Café

(Fair Oaks and Madison...in the suburbs)



In the days of honor and hardships, our fathers lived with a common denominator of brotherhood, unity, and strife. It was a time of tribesman. A collective hope for a today with less blood, more kin, and a universal sense of belonging. None knew that the tomorrow would bring an absence of honor, dignity, and integrity. That the only common denominator would be a dollar sign and the token lone man rallied against his brother. In these days of material acquisition, we find ourselves in the midst of the blind fumbling their way in the dark towards the sun. Convictions and beliefs are lost in the carving of an individual that leaves them gnarled and splintered so that any that touch their body might cry in agony from the splinters beneath their nails. No man is free of this mutilation of spirit. The wooden heart which beats in a wooden chest cries tears of pitch. But, now and again, the gnarled wooden body that is engulfed in kerosene, waiting to ignite, has the sweet pitch that bleeds from a black heart – tasted. And the once black oil that pumped through the course veins turns to wine, the body becomes drunk on its relentless and storied life. And once again, the quest for honor, dignity, and integrity is set aflame in its kerosene heart, and a dream of kinship evolves. The match that struck the spark to this fire is love. 8 miles high their ships in the sky, and they are all pointed North. Getting their alien babies from alien storks who watch us closely with a microscope in the sky. But, we're oblivious; all watching Haley's Comet go by. They blow smoke when they talk, ears cuspidate, like Spock. Waiting until we can understand their intentions and comprehend their witting walk. -gk

Gambling Banned In State Of Nevada, Thousands Flee

In a shocking and unprecedented move Thursday, the State of Nevada has banned gambling by an overwhelming margin in both its House of Representatives and Senate. The measure, to take effect immediately, will effectively ban all wagers and all table gambling, video gambling, and slot machines. This will force immediate closure of all 635 of Nevada's gambling casinos and places of wagering.

The move will have massive implications on the state's economy. The population, estimated last census at a steady 700,000 people, is expected to drop by week's end to somewhere around fifteen, mostly comatose accident victims who are unaware of the state's new status.

When asked his opinion about Nevada's new gambling-free policy, the boy in the bubble replied, "No! Please don't leave me! Who'll change my air filter? Who'll pre-chew my food? Who'll sanitize my suppositories? No!"

It seems that the only Nevada resident happy about all this is Elvis.

"Good! Now that alla them damn tourists are outta the way, I can come up out of my nuclear-proof desert bunker for some fresh air!"

Local resident Stan Brodsky replied, "I can clutch my stomach until the fish turn blue, but all a blackjack table is any good for now is serving refried beans and Velveeta casserole on... and maybe a little kinky sex now and again."

Las Vegas mayor Anita Hoover couldn't be reached for comment, but a spokesperson said that she was now working as a nude dancer in Tijuana, picking up spare change off of the floor without using her hands. The mayor of Reno, however, could be reached for comment. Our West Coast correspondent, Marvin Koszowski, found him roasting a couple of housecats over an open fire in the high desert just outside of Boomtown. "Since all this political mumbo-jumbo has gone down, I've found Jesus. He was sitting right over there! Although, a couple of minutes ago he went over there behind that rock formation to drain his lizard and I haven't seen him since."

The federal government is considering taking advantage of Nevada's new lifeless status by bombing it back into the stone age as an archaeological experiment. Another possibility is the deportation of all Oakland Raiders fans to a secret location deep within the Mojave desert, where they can riot all they want without having to worry about riot cops ruining their fun.

Raider Nation, Baby! Microsoft is suggesting the idea of turning the state into one large semi-organic supercomputer charged with the herculean task of determining whether that stain on Monica Lewinsky's dress was Bill Clinton's jizz, or just a spilled drop of horseradish sauce from the Shoney's on route 13 in Little Rock.

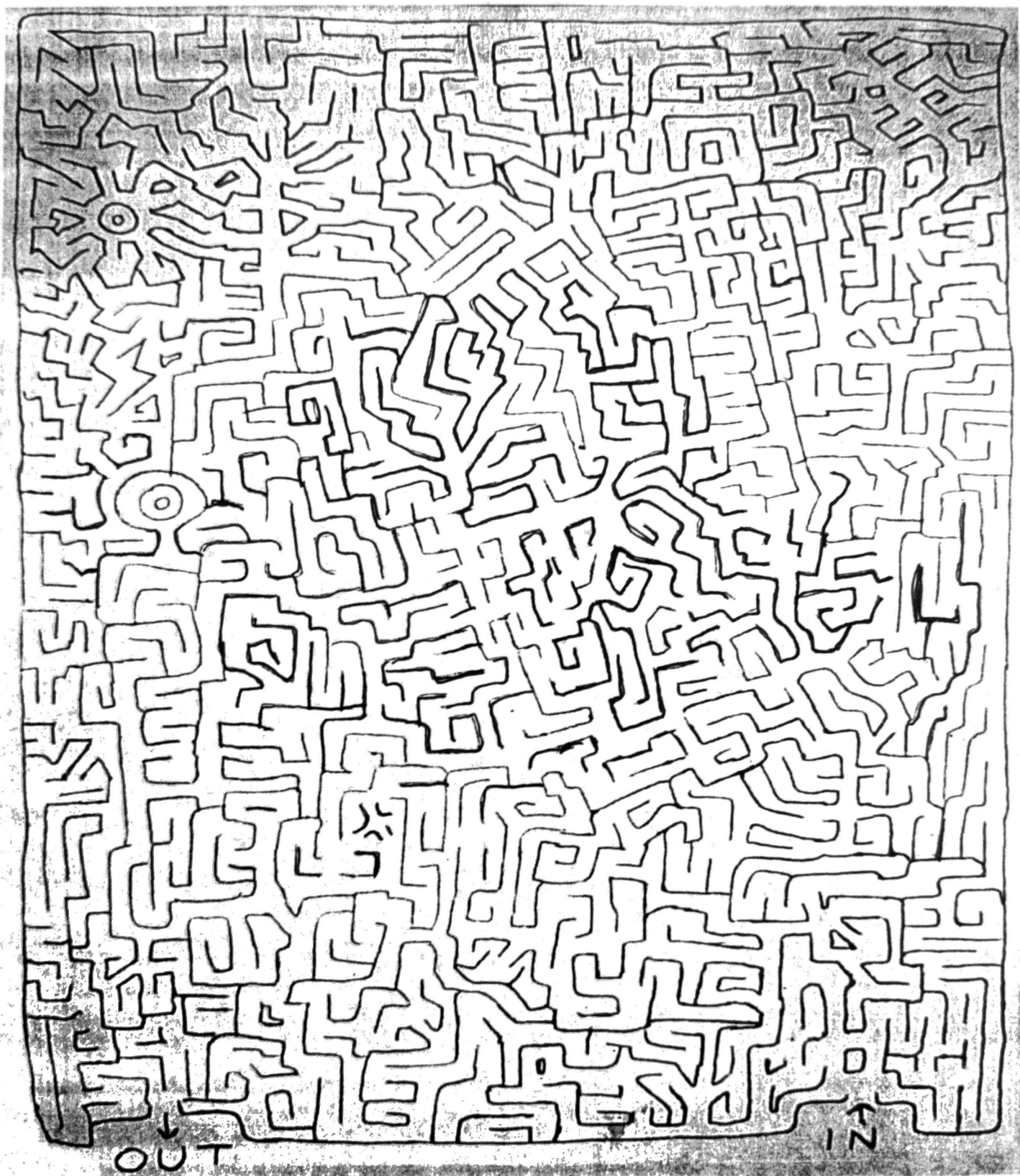
A few longtime Nevada residents are planning on remaining in the state, no matter what happens to the economy. Stan Brodsky, one of these residents, stated, "Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. I'm seventy-three years old, and even a free all-you-can-eat buffet at the Sizzler in Indio won't uproot me from this here double-wide at Happy Acres Mobile Estates. Besides, I told my wife Ethel before she died that as long as I'm still passing those kidney stones, I will not leave the state, and I intend to live up to that.

Another stalwart resident, Jimmy Hoffa, replied, "Hey, I've been here for twenty-seven years. I eat a lot of fish and tadpoles. The climate is always nice and wet... And seeing as how I can't get out of these here cement shoes, I don't think I'll be going anywhere. Thank God for gills!

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water hole The part of the electromagnetic spectrum at a few thousand megahertz where there is very little background noise from space.



If you weren't such a
Hedonistic barbaric brute
with an appetite for mayhem
and a hankering for chaos,
I might reserve some hope
that you may have a chance
of someday becoming
a fine upstanding,
church going,
football watching,
car waxing,
2.3 kid having,
wife who runs her
mouth like an
Evinrude motor
marrying,
human being!

Buuuuuuuuut.....
I'll just settle for praying
that you don't spit on me
while we're eating.



Just Whistle

Did you ever hear the story of the guy who taught his dick to whistle? He figured out how to suck air into his urethra by finely contracting his muscles, and then force it back out to make a whistle. He got so skillful at it that he could even control the notes and play a little tune.

He practiced it constantly, even at work, which made some of his colleagues uncomfortable, but he was practically obsessed with it. Because he didn't much care for making friends, he had a lot of time to sit by himself and think about his whistling dick, and before long he exaggerated it in his own mind until he believed it to be an art form, a mode of expressing himself. And so he practiced even more obsessively.

One night he dreamed of playing a complex tune, something he wasn't good enough to pull off in waking life, and he awoke to the sound of his dick whistling that tune. It had been whistling in his sleep. From then on, he found he made the most progress in his rehearsals by undertaking them in his sleep. He would go to sleep thinking of a tune he wanted to practice, and during the night his dick would whistle the tune over and over, all night long. He set up a bedside tape recorder in order to measure his progress, and wore earplugs to bed so he wouldn't wake himself up. He also began to take plenty of depressants and sleeping pills so he could get more practice time in.

It happened that, as he was going over a previous night's recordings, he thought he heard words. Amazed, he dropped his drawers and stared into his third eye and tried to will his dick to speak. In a thin, wheezy voice, his dick said, "Hel-lo." He had to rapidly suck in and expel air for each syllable of a word, which tired out his dick muscles and made his peehole tender and sore, but by the end of the day he could make his dick say "Hi, there" and "Suck me."

This marked the advent of a whole new phase in his career. He would go to bed thinking of songs, poems, or phrases from his favorite movies, and when he awoke his practice tape would be full of the sound of his dick talking and singing. The drugs he was taking in order to sleep were badly affecting his health, but he doubled his dosage so he could advance his art even more rapidly. In 24 hours he might be awake six, and then five, and then three. He was dedicated to his craft; he had begun to live entirely on his savings and saw no one.

His dick was speaking in paragraphs now. He knew he was on the brink of a new breakthrough; he could feel it in his bones. He was elated beyond words when, one afternoon, he was scanning through his practice tapes and heard his dick say something he didn't immediately recognize. It sounded as though it were speaking to someone else. For the first time, it seemed his dick was learning to talk on its own.

But on listening closer, he was perplexed. He heard, or seemed to hear, it saying, "Die, man. Just die. Just die, you fucker. Die. Just die." He pulled down his shorts and found that his dick was still repeating these words. "Die. Please just die. I hate you. Just die."

"Are you talking to me?" he asked, but his dick made no answer. It only continued in its high, piping voice (with a hint of a lisp), "Die. Fucking die. Fuck you. Just die."

This disconcerted the man terribly. He stopped taking his pills and gave up practicing, but his dick would not stop telling him to die. He found he could not make it stop. It was beyond his control. He tried to go out in public, but his dick would scream terrible things about him to passersby, and people scuttled away from him in aversion to this apparent madman. He couldn't convince anyone that it wasn't him talking—it was his dick.

Day after day, he sat alone in his apartment and tried to tune out the sound of his dick telling him to die. Turning up the volume on the stereo or television did not help; his dick screamed louder. He lost confidence in himself, began shuffling instead of walking, wept for no reason. He began to believe that he really ought to die, as his dick said. Finally one day he asked his dick in desperation, "Why? Why do you say that? Why do you hate me so much that you want me to die?"

But his dick would not answer him. It just said, "Die. Please. Please die. Please die." And he replied, "Okay. I will." He filled his bathtub with warm water and leapt in, clutching the straight razor he intended to cut his wrists with. But at the moment of action he found he couldn't do it. He didn't have the willpower. He thought to himself, "Am I so bad? Am I really so bad?"

Papier von den Kaugummis

It's a matter of lower body confidence, this "letting go." You must be completely steadfast and unwavering in your rhythm. Oh, the rhythm can vary. From Chim Chimeneý to R-E-S-P-E-C-T. But, it must be fluid, it must be zonal, and it must be owned...by you. If the confidence is there, then the hands can come free in any fashion. Slow, quick, even one at a time. Just watch that weight balance. I prefer to do it fairly quickly, which simply feels more natural, and bring my torso to an upright position. Sometimes, for fun, I will pump my arms in opposing circular motions, to make it look as though I am running...running real fast. Like that actor that played a young Clark Kent in the first Superman Movie.

Ya know. I know he's still around, but I miss Christopher Reeve.

Up Ahead: a stoplight intersection, and I'm seeing red.

I slow. I gear down. In manual transmission cars, some people, they just throw it into neutral and brake it to a stop. Not me. I covet the memory of a few influential characters from my formative driving days relaying to me the importance or downshifting. Like old guns in foxholes, giving scared rookies advice about warfare, these driving "professionals" shared with me. One doesn't easily forget things like that. So, like a robot, I always gear down in a car, which completely follows suit with the gearing down I must do now, on my bike, to come to a stop. What am I gonna do?, start off in a high gear, having to stand up to pedal? Pffft. Fuck that. I'm-a WORK these gears. I OWN THESE GEARS!

So, I'm stopped, right in the bike lane. The light's red.

You have this freedom on a bike. A freedom to jay ride, and back ride, and offroad ride, and trick ride (if you're into that sort of thing). I don't care what the law says, my bike is not a car. It doesn't follow those "car" rules. It doesn't follow any rules. I pay. I pedal. I pray. I bike instead of drive. I make responsible decisions. In return, I will take this freedom. I will take this freedom into any and all corners that my bike will take me.

This light, this red luminosity...it's unnecessary. There has been zero cross traffic since its inception.

I go.

I have that freedom. The cars, they would get a ticket, although at the moment, the scene copless, the act would be safe as can be. Me, I don't think the cops would bother with this bicycle rider, were there one around. Some may argue that they have bigger fish to fry and giving me a ticket on my bike would be a universally moot action. Even punitively speaking, bicyclists don't figure into the standard societal equation. They are a special breed; healthy, strong, independent, mysterious ("I couldn't even guess at where that bicycle is headed."). Herein lies this freedom. Natural locomotion, on a slightly accelerated plane. The cops sense its inherent rightness, and adore it as they might a bird....or a runner.

Cops don't interfere with the space cushions of runners. Which, to me, is just one more incentive to exercise.

I say there should be laws against leaf blowers. Nothing gasoline powered should be handheld. It's just another example of thinking creative means will make up for the lack of a creative end.

Get a fucking rake please.... Just get a fucking rake.

Shortly after I pass the schmendrick with the "air hose of death", I find myself passing car after car lined up on the side of the road. Not a new experience, to be sure, but one that always gets me thinking a bit about how these cars warrant caution even when parked. I drive by, I see someone inside a car, waiting to get out, and I wonder if they have checked their mirrors or looked closely enough to see a wee bike rider such as myself. If not, then I would be relying on the gods of timing to simply not let them open the door right as I am passing them. I envision myself,



Definitely Monday

Oh yes... it is definitely Monday. You can sense it. You can feel it in the air. Maybe it's the smell. The stench of the sudden burst of traffic after a lax weekend. You can see it on the faces of the dreary travelers heading towards their Monday morning destinations. Work... school... daycare... whatever. It's almost painful, the look they have about them. "Pity me," their twisted frowns seem to say.. "I sure do." Another dreary day in the city.

My mind wanders as I make my way through the throngs of people Downtown. I can hear the clicking of my sandals on the sidewalk.. every so often the "thump" as I walk over a metal grate, or a man-hole cover. The sound echoes in my head as I cover the 7 blocks from the train to my office. Passing the same buildings as I do every Monday morning... they somehow seem to sag today. I pass a strand of people, walking in an unintentional semi-formed line, staring at their shoes, balancing their briefcases, purses, and morning coffee (ah! The lifeblood of the working class!) desperately trying *not* to look up and catch the weary eyes of their fellow people in a knowing glance.. rushing - but trying to appear not to be - to their offices like cattle to the slaughterhouse. Glance over to notice a passing woman's power stride as she walks in the opposite direction. Doesn't even look up to notice me watching her. Look at those shoes! I get a headache just THINKING about the painful pinching that I'm sure she is attempting to tolerate. But her attire breathes professional.. as only a size 6 business suit can. Nothing like having to find "professional" clothes in the "fat" section of the store. Fight off jealousy.. and continue walking. She couldn't know my pain.

8:17 a.m. - I'm running behind again. Taking public transportation can do that to a person. 13 minutes to walk from the train to my office building. 10 if you count the wait for world's slowest elevator to get to my floor. My boss insists that being on time means being at your desk, computer on, and working as the clock strikes that fateful time that begins your "work day". Lets see. Can I make it in 13 minutes?. Make that 12 minutes 13 seconds? Walk 7 blocks to building, attempting to avoid falling as I speed (fast walk?) down the street - well as fast as one can speed wearing open-toed sandals they got on sale for \$5 at the local discount shoe shop. Almost impossible to walk in these things! Suddenly sympathize with earlier woman in her struggle with fashion versus pain. Greet guards at front desk with pity smiles so as not to be asked to stop to show my badge, which is clearly visible hanging around my neck... no time. Wait *forever* for world's slowest elevator, rush to cubical, flip the "on" switch for my computer, sit down and pretend to be reading something stacked in my in-box.

8:34 a.m. - Did I make it? According to the clock on my cubicle wall, not quite. I swear my watch is correct. *Investigate conspiracy of changing time on work clock to read fast so I always look late to work.* Glance up to see if the boss has noticed my arrival. Not a peep emits from her cubicle. Switch on computer. Still no peep. Check in/out board. Is she in? Yes. *Damn!* Busy self with logging into the network. Must look up daily quote on the internet to share with the office, so as to appear witty to co-workers. Image is everything. Whatever works, right? Slip off cheap-ass shoes so as to avoid squirming in discomfort all day. Open office e-mail. Same old.. same old. What's the status of this assignment? Can you schedule this meeting for me? Blahblahblah. *Must remember to schedule flight for boss & another supervisor! Where did I leave that piece of paper that I scratched the information on? Damn! Need to get more organized! Must remember to start using standing to-do list in visible place on desk.* Respond with desired information, to clear e-mail from clutter, so as to appear on top of things. Now to the real stuff. Open personal e-mail. These are the few precious moments in the beginning of the day that I savor. The few minutes that I give myself before I begin my actual "work", to hold my connection to the outside world. If only I had friends to brag to, or bitch to. If only there *was* an e-mail to respond to. But, as usual, there is nothing. Savor a moment of daydreaming that my in-box is filled with comical bantering from close-knit group of friends. Okay, moment over. Delete SPAM, and close e-mail. Could this day start off any worse? Oh wait, here comes the boss with a "RUSH" assignment. That's what I get for thinking...

Open-Mouth Laughs

Roll balls of sweet dough in sesame seeds, then deep-fry and watch them pop open.

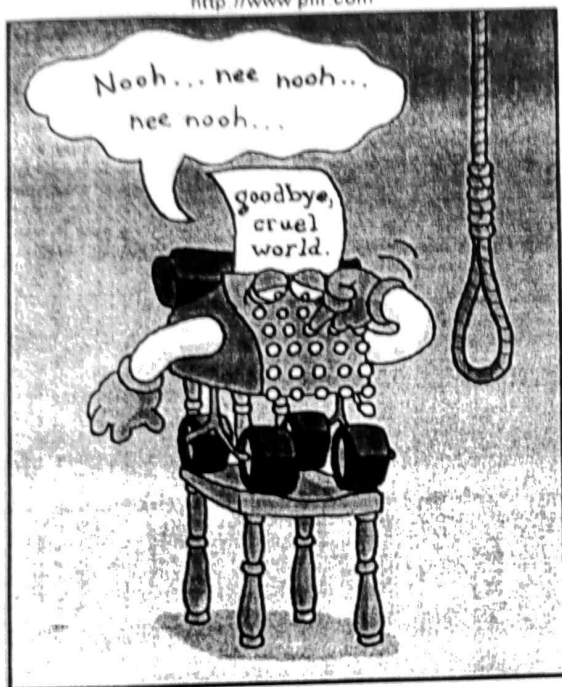
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs, lightly beaten
2/3 cup sugar
1 tablespoon water
1 tablespoon lard or shortening
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup sesame seeds
8 cups oil for deep-frying

Sift flour and baking powder together twice. Combine eggs, sugar, 1 tablespoon water and lard or shortening in a medium bowl; mix well. Slowly stir in flour mixture. Knead 1 to 2 minutes to a soft dough. Shape into a roll 1 inch in diameter. Chop roll into 16 pieces with a sharp knife. Roll each piece into a ball in the palms of your hands. Dip each ball in 1/2 cup water and roll in sesame seeds. Heat 8 cups oil in a wok over medium heat to 350°F (175°C). Reduce heat to low and carefully lower 8 sesame balls into hot oil with a slotted metal spoon. Deep-fry until balls expand and open, about 2 minutes. Carefully remove fried balls with slotted spoon, draining well over wok; set aside. Repeat with remaining 8 balls. Reheat oil over high heat, return 8 balls to oil and fry until golden brown. Remove with slotted spoon, drain on paper towels and let cool. Repeat with remaining 8 balls. Makes 16 sesame balls.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



My altar has become alive once again
this time with cobwebs
dust mites and the like,
no more fire

the sage has burned,
the blessing has washed away
all I hear now is the clicking of distant
rain drops on my neighbor's car
and the gritting teeth In my own head
telling me that
there is no spirit here, soul has washed away.

where's my rainbow?

when I lose control I need to be brought back
by my over soul
who in the fuck hid my over soul?!

when I click in, in the zone bring it home
in the vibration of a song
I'm spinning and singing, spirit ringing
become one
live life like spring
ever grow.
blink, and you will be something new.

Ponchatoula

A guy named Dave. A guy named Dave. A guy named Dave wakes up next to his newlywed wife. It is early in the day. The sky is filled with a dull cusp-of-winter light. The sun has not entered the scene, but his manager has and he brought clouds and fresh air. A healthy alternative to donuts, to be sure. Dave is on the left side of the bed (from his perspective in the bed) and this side of the bed is pushed up against the wall in the small bedroom deemed the “master”. So Dave has to climb either over his wife, out the side, or over the footboard and out by way of the bottom of the bed. As we all would, Dave climbs over the footboard. Like a prowler, he sets foot on the ground and looks behind him at his sleeping lover, his sleeping beauty, imagines all the sleep she is going to get this morning. This sleep is not for Dave, and it’s cool, because Dave is ready to face the day.

Dave and his wife, Dallina, live with three small children in a two bedroom, independently-standing box of a home in what is considered to be the outskirts of a small town in Louisiana. The name of the town is not important. What is important is how they got there.

Dave is 27. Dave looks like what the average American Christian churchgoer might think Jesus might once have. skinny, weatherworn, slow and methodical. right down to his long brown hanging hair. As if weighted at the split ends, his hair hangs.

Dallina, she's too young to be the matriarch of such a large family...but she handles it well. She is all of 21. In fact, last night was her birthday. A humid Weeeeeeziana night. Her and Dave left the kids with a coworker of hers and enjoyed each other's company in grand style. They line danced. They played drinking games. They kissed near the barroom bathroom.

The two older kids call Dallina “Momma” because it feels right to them. The youngest will call her Momma, when he can, because he will know no other way.

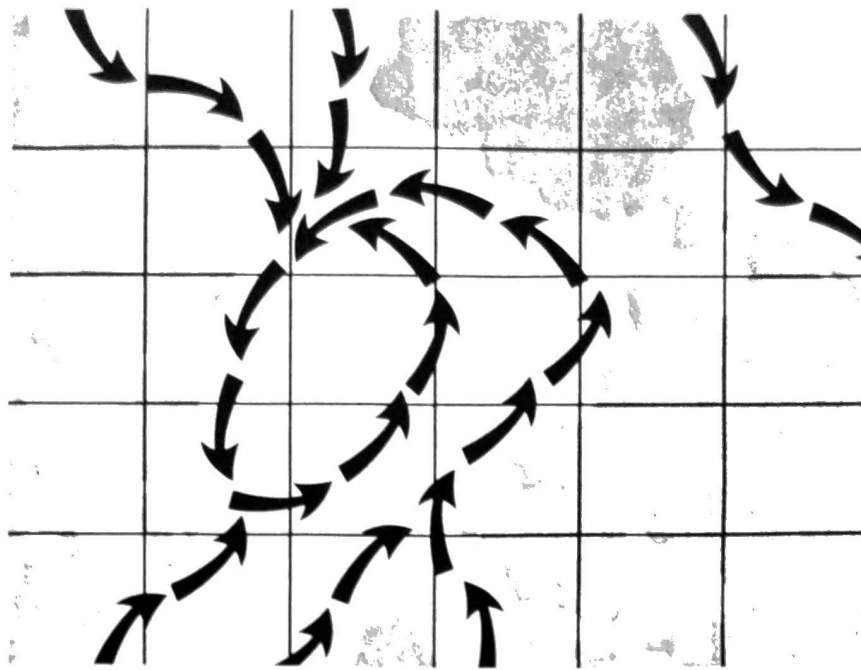
Vincent and Zach are the two older boys, and they are 9 and 7, respectively.

Vincent likes to make dirty jokes, and has marbled blue smoky eyes. Like Frank Sinatra sings, his eyes captivate.

Zach likes to laugh at Vincent's dirty jokes, whether he understands them or not...a practice that has shaped his smile into one most endearing.

_____ (the following are lines for you to continue the story on, but really only act as space filler for a story that I could not finish. You understand, I'm sure. Thanks. Hell, you could finish it, and then we could work up a screenplay and make a movie out of it, and become rich and have all the time in the world to finish unfinished stories and inhabit the spaces that our hectic time only allows us to "fill in") _____

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper appears slightly aged or off-white. There is no handwriting or other markings on the page.



My room is cold.
No one dares entrance into this cold space
This cold place
This clammy habitat that I make my home.
Departure is frequent
New arrivals--seldom
and always a short flight
Few stay on for the film or the meal or the overnight
Just peanuts, and thank you
To the baggage claim and out the door
As heavy breath that fogs my windows
leaves them requiring nothing more (of me)
Then my fingers trace their solemn designs
in the haze left on the pane
Left alone in my dark, empty,
and loveless igloo again.

I lit a fire last night, I did!
But little did it accomplish.
Coiled nearby for hours upon end
(3, to be precise; that's how long the log burns)
What kind of freedom is this, then?
Attached to the hearth,
a superficial lifeline with a leash as its price
I cannot move about the room
when this brief radius demands me
A parasite to its host--
How pretty is a leech?
Slick (but not in a good way)
Cold. Cruel. Cold again, you see?
And relentlessly self-interested.

And so, with this in mind
I look for a way to my pilot light.
I don't know where it is,
The dust keeps it from sight.
And I do fear an explosion upon ignition...
Gas leaks are frightening, you know!
I've been through it before.
The dizziness, the vertigo
Words tripping over
And over themselves
Anxious that my mind is lost
And will not be found again.
In a way--
It's much easier to brave this icy atmosphere
At times, I've found myself quite cozy here
Bundled up in icy woes
I fear climate shock!
Play with fire, and get burned.

Inside, though
Inside this place knows
It is the only route to heat
Defrost and come to
So the room can make room
So its fittings can furnish
Providing comfort and affection
To those waiting in the foyer
For its balmy and temperate attention.

Sacramento Amateur Time Travel Association of Sacramento

"Hey Tim. What's Whippin'? You get a new time flyer?"

"Yeah Duke*, it's a Timex Piccadée. Sweet, huh? My parents felt guilty about my bionic brother malfunctioning, so they bought it for me!"

"Awesome!"

"Yeah, it's way better than my BioBro ever was"

"yeah."

"Hey, I heard that last week, Dotty Hinkle and her girlfriends were skinny dipping at the reservoir...you wanna go back and check it out."

"ah yeah!" (High Fives....fade to black)

fade in: the past, which happens to actually be present day Sacramento. The two teenagers are atop the Crest theatre, looking out at the moderate skyline and all those trees. The sun is setting, and its last light shines off of their time flyer. They are both drinking bottles of beer. Brown Bottles with white and blue labels that read *Pabst Blue Ribbon*:

"Man, I wish they still made this stuff."

"mmm hmm."

A helicopter is heard in the air. It rises above one of the nearby buildings, seemingly headed towards Tim and his friend.

"Hey, what are those again...a helicopter? Yeah, a helicopter...that's a helicopter...and I think we should go."

"yeah..."

The boys get into their time flyer and, moments later, it disappears.

(Helicopter noise permeates....fade to black)

fade in: A star field. Millions of pinpoints of light. A nebula here. A galactic cluster there.

Voice over: "How many licks DOES it take to get to the tootsie roll center of a tootsie roll tootsie pop?
The world may never know."

* in the future, the term "Dude" will be replaced by "Duke"....out of a renewed fascination with John Wayne, and his "big funny boot shoes".



I Spy

Number of Players: 2-12

Length of Time: 5-30 minutes

Object of the Game: To guess correctly the object described.

To Play:

Players take turns being the "spy." The spy scans the room with his eyes until he finds an object he wants the others to guess. He describes it by saying, "I spy something (*adjective*)."

He could say red, striped, dull, pointed, or fuzzy—any one adjective that gives a clue.

The others try to guess what the spy described. If they are stumped, the spy can give them additional clues of the same kind until someone guesses correctly. The person who guesses correctly is the next spy.

Variation:

The spy reveals the first letter of the object to be identified. In this version, the spy says, "I spy something beginning with _____."

Purpose or Benefit

Players are challenged to use perception and imagination.

hitting some part of my leg, the bike, not so much jovially flipping, but stopping dead, and my legs and body absorbing the impact...bleeding...maybe bones smashed. Not fun. Fucking cars. It has yet to happen, so maybe the people are looking. Watching out for me. Me, now knocking on wood (figuratively, not literally).

I wish to god they would have never created any baseball bats made out of anything but wood. But, I guess that's just the way of the world...our faster better 30% more competitive retail price now with carbon fibers Blue Planet. We impress even ourselves with our concentrated industriousness.

It's a matter of loving and forgetting, impressing yourself.

You have to let your world create itself from the center, out. Very solipsistic. Very in control, or...willingly not. Ultimately, verily achingly mind numbingly conscious of where your towel exactly is.....oh, here it is.



All points of view, foreign or domestic, expressed or inferred, contained herein, are purely for the purposes of mind/soul massage and exploration. Any damage to ego or identity is, therefore, purely self-inflicted and possibly the fault of the entertainment you intake and/or your parents. Yes.



From Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth, by Richard Buckminster "Bucky" Fuller

One of humanity's prime drives is to understand and be understood. All other living creatures are designed for highly specialized tasks. Man seems unique as the comprehensive comprehender and co-ordinator of local universe affairs. If the total scheme of nature required man to be a specialist she would have made him so by having him born with one eye and a microscope attached to it.

What nature needed man to be was adaptive in many if not any direction; wherefore she gave man a mind as well as a coordinating switchboard brain. Mind apprehends and comprehends the general principles governing flight and deep sea diving, and man puts on his wings or his lungs, then takes them off when not using them. The specialist bird is greatly impeded by its wings when trying to walk. The fish cannot come out of the sea and walk upon land, for birds and fish are specialists.

<http://www.rwgrayprojects.com/synergetics/synergetics.html>

http://www.bfi.org/operating_manual.htm

Front cover: **BRIAN JAMES**, fully equipped.

All things besides (intermingling bits and pieces): **KIM BROWN, DEAN HAAKENSEN, ERIC HICKOX, SEAN KILCOYNE, GREG KUCERA, SABRINA LECOMPTE, GLEN MELLANDER, KIRK PATTON, BETH PINIO, MIKE RODRIGUEZ, DALE STROMBERG, DENNIS YUDT.**